

DELL

NO. 709

10¢

Few men could hide from them; none had the courage to face...

THE SEARCHERS



A C. V. WHITNEY PICTURE PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



Ethan Edwards' homecoming



is spoiled by an Indian raid.



His young niece disappears,



and a desperate search...



leads to the Comanche camp...



where he must face...

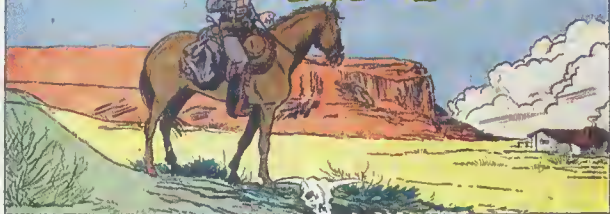


the challenge of his life!

WARNER BROS. Pictures Presents
the C. V. WHITNEY PICTURE
Starring **JOHN WAYNE**
THE SEARCHERS
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
in **VistaVision** Co-Starring
JEFFREY HUNTER VERA MILES
WARD BOND NATALIE WOOD
Merian C. Cooper Executive Producer Screen Play by Frank S. Nugent Associate Producer Patrick Ford
Directed by **JOHN FORD**
Presented by Warner Bros.

A LONE RIDER CROSSES THE PARCHED PLAINS OF SOUTHERN TEXAS...

THE SEARCHERS

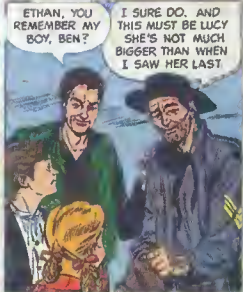


BEFORE A SMALL ADOBE RANCH HOUSE, THE WANDERER ENDS HIS LONG JOURNEY.



ETHAN! MY BROTHER
ETHAN-- I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!

HELLO, AARON.
MARTHA. IT'S BEEN
A LONG TIME.



ETHAN, YOU
REMEMBER MY
BOY, BEN?

I SURE DO. AND
THIS MUST BE LUCY
SHE'S NOT MUCH
BIGGER THAN WHEN
I SAW HER LAST



I'M DEBORAH.
SHE'S LUCY, LUCY'S
GOING ON
SEVENTEEN, NOW

AND SHE'S GOT
A BEAU! KISSES
HIM, TOO.



AS A HAND TAKES THE BRIDLE OF ETHAN'S HORSE--

HOLD IT, YOU 'OH.
YOU MUST BE MARTIN
FOR A MINUTE I
MISTOOK YOU FOR
AN INDIAN!

NOT QUITE, UNCLE
ETHAN. I'M QUARTER
CHEROKEE. THE REST
IS WELSH, SO THEY
TELL ME.

IT WAS ETHAN WHO
FOUND YOU SQUALLING
IN A SAGE CLUMP
AFTER YOUR FOLKS
WERE MASSACRED.

IT JUST HAPPENED
TO BE ME. NO NEED
TO MAKE ANY MORE
OF IT, AARON



I'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOUR HORSE
UNCLE ETHAN.

COME IN AND TAKE OFF
YOUR COAT, ETHAN. SUPPER
WILL BE READY BY THE
TIME YOU WASH UP.



THAT NIGHT AFTER SUPPER...

IS THIS THE SABRE YOU
KILLED ALL THOSE YANKEES
WITH, UNCLE ETHAN? YOU
GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT
THE WAR TOMORROW,
UNCLE ETHAN?

DON'T BOTHER
YOUR UNCLE, BOY
THE WAR ENDED
THREE YEARS AGO



IT DID? THEN
WHY DIDN'T UNCLE
ETHAN COME HOME
BEFORE NOW?

ER--IT'S BEDTIME, BEN
YOU'RE SLEEPING WITH
MARTIN IN THE BUNK-
HOUSE. NOW, GO
ALONG! MARCH!



DID YOU NOTICE, UNCLE ETHAN?
LUCY'S WEARING THE GOLD
LOCKET YOU GAVE HER WHEN
SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL--THE
ONE SHE DOESN'T WEAR
BECAUSE IT MAKES HER
NECK GREEN.

DEBORAH!



WELL, IT DOES! BUT IF
YOU GAVE ME A GOLD
LOCKET, I WOULDN'T
CARE IF IT MADE MY
NECK GREEN OR NOT.

YOU WOULDN'T, EH?
WAIT A MINUTE I'VE
GOT SOMETHING IN
MY PACK FOR YOU,
DEBBIE.



BUT, ETHAN-- IT'S A MEDAL-- SOLID GOLD! I DON'T THINK SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO

LET HER KEEP IT IT'S JUST SOMETHING I PICKED UP IN MEXICO.



THEN, AS THE CHILDREN LEAVE FOR BED--

I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU, ETHAN. EVEN BEFORE THE WAR, YOU WANTED TO CLEAR OUT THEN, AFTERWARD, YOU STAYED AWAY SO LONG. WHY?

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN. RECKON I'M A ROLLING STONE YOU ASKING ME TO CLEAR OUT NOW, AARON?



YOU'RE MY BROTHER. WE'RE ALL THE FAMILY YOU'VE GOT. WE'RE GLAD TO HAVE YOU STAY ON AS LONG AS YOU'VE A MIND TO.

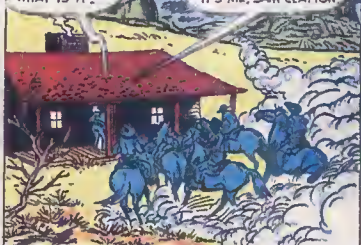
THIS IS YOUR HOUSE TOO ETHAN. WE'LL COME HOME.



BUT AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING...

WHO'S THERE? WHAT IS IT?

AARON! OPEN UP! IT'S ME, SAM CLAYTON



SOMEONE BROKE INTO LARS JORGENSEN'S CORRAL LAST NIGHT AND RAN OFF THOSE PUREBREDS HE JUST BOUGHT.

I SAY THE INDIANS HAVE 'EM. CADDOES OR KIWAS!



KIWAS, BAH! IT'S RUSTLERS MORE LIKE. AARON... MARTIN, LINE UP THE OTHERS. WE'RE GOING TO SWEAR IN A POSSE OF VOLUNTEER RANGERS.

YES, SIR, REVEREND.



THE MEN ARE SWORN IN, THEN...

AND REMEMBER, MEN,
ON THIS RIDE DON'T CALL
ME REVEREND. FROM
NOW ON YOU CALL ME
CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN THE
REVEREND SAMUEL
JOHNSON CLAYTON!
MIGHTY IMPRESSIVE.



AARON I'M GOING IN YOUR
PLACE. YOU'D BETTER STAY
HERE. MAYBE OLD MOSE
ISN'T SO FAR WRONG
ABOUT BLAMING THIS
JOB ON INDIANS

THANK YE
ETHAN! THANK
YE FER THOSE
KIND WORDS



WELL... THE PRODIGAL
BROTHER! WHEN DID YOU
GET BACK? I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU SINCE THE
SURRENDER.

I DIDN'T SURRENDER.
NEVER TURNED MY
SABRE INTO A
PLOUGHSHARE EITHER.



ALL RIGHT,
ETHAN, I'LL
SWEAR YOU
IN.

FORGET IT. A MAN'S ONLY GOOD
FOR ONE OATH AT A TIME. I
TOOK MINE TO THE CONFEDERATE
STATES OF AMERICA



AS THE POSSE STARTS...

BRAD, THIS IS NO
TIME TO BE
LOLLYGAGGING
AROUND. SAY GOOD
BYE TO LUCY.

LOOKS LIKE I'LL
BE READING THE
LINES OVER THAT
PAIR SOON SISTER
EDWARDS



GRATEFUL FOR THE
HOSPITALITY OF YOUR
ROCKIN' CHAIR MA'AM

LET'S GET ON
WITH IT, MEN.



THE SEARCH IS UNSUCCESSFUL BY LATE AFTER-
NOON, TEMPERS ARE FRAYED.

I TELL YOU SOME-
THING'S FISHY ABOUT
THIS TRAIL, UNCLE
ETHAN

STOP CALLING ME UNCLE.
I'M NOT YOUR UNCLE.
MY NAME'S ETHAN...
NOW, WHAT'S SO MIGHTY
FISHY ABOUT THIS TRAIL?



WE'VE GOT TO SPLIT UP,
ETHAN. JORGENSEN'S RANCH
IS THE CLOSEST. IF THE
INDIANS AREN'T THERE, WE'LL
COME STRAIGHT ON TO YOUR
BROTHER'S PLACE

LET'S GO!
THERE'S NOT
A MINUTE
TO LOSE.



AT THAT MOMENT, THEY TOP A RISE AND...

JORGENSEN'S PUREBREDS
THEY KILLED EVERY ONE
OF THEM--AND NOT FOR
FOOD. WHY'D THEY DO
A THING LIKE THAT?

THAT'S A COMANCHE
SPEAR. THERE'S ONLY
ONE ANSWER. THEY
DECEYED US AWAY. I
FIGURE THEY PLAN
TO BURN OUT JORGENSEN'S
PLACE OR MY BROTHER'S.

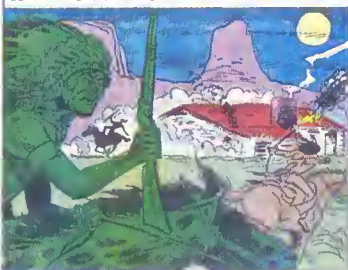


COMANCHES
GENERALLY HIT
AT MOONRISE.

MOONRISE! AND WE'RE
FORTY MILES AWAY. IT'LL
BE MIDNIGHT BEFORE
WE'RE THERE



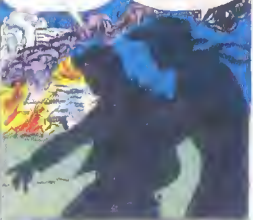
THAT NIGHT, WITH ETHAN MANY MILES AWAY, THE
COMANCHES SWEEP DOWN UPON THE EDWARDS RANCH



HOURS LATER, THE RESCUERS ARRIVE
TOO LATE.

UNCLE ETHAN,
LET ME GO. I'VE
GOT TO GO IN--

I'VE ALREADY BEEN
INSIDE, BOY. THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO





AND SO THE SEARCH BEGINS... DAY AFTER DAY, THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THE RAIDERS...



THE DAYS BECOME WEEKS, BUT THE HUNT GOES ON...

ANOTHER COMANCHE GRAVE. I CAN TELL BY THE HEADRESS

PROBABLY DIED OF HIS WOUNDS. THAT'S SEVEN WE CAN SCORE UP TO YOUR BROTHER, ETHAN



CAPTAIN CLAYTON'S PLAN MAKES SENSE TO ME, UNCLE ETHAN.

BAH! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT COMANCHES? THEY SLEEP WITH THEIR BEST HORSES TIED BESIDE THEM. WE'VE GOT AS MUCH CHANCE OF STAMPEDING THEIR HERD AS--



THEN, ONE DAY TOWARD SUNSET...

IT'S THEM ALL RIGHT... CAMPED BY THE RIVER. AS SOON AS IT'S DARK, WE'LL CIRCLE OUT SO WE CAN JUMP THEM BEFORE DAYBREAK.

IF WE JUMP THOSE COMANCHES, THEY'LL KILL THE GIRLS. YOU KNOW THAT. WE'VE GOT TO RUN OFF THEIR HORSE HERD. A COMANCHE ON FOOT IS MORE APT TO LISTEN TO REASON.



AS YOU HAVE OF FINDING THE GIRLS ALIVE AFTER WE RAID THE CAMP. I SAY WE DO IT MY WAY, AND THAT'S AN ORDER

YES, SIR! BUT IF YOU'RE WRONG, CAPTAIN CLAYTON, DON'T EVER GIVE ME ANOTHER ORDER.



THE NEXT MORNING AT DAWN, THE POSSE SLIPS DOWN TO SURPRISE THE CAMP, BUT--

THEY WERE HERE, BUT THEY'RE GONE NOW!

GOT ANY MORE SMART ORDERS, CAPTAIN CLAYTON?



SUDDENLY, AS THE MIST BEGINS TO RISE...

INDIANS ON ALL SIDES OF US

WE'RE SURROUNDED!





MAKE FOR THE RIVER MEN! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

YAHHEEE!

HI-YI-YI!

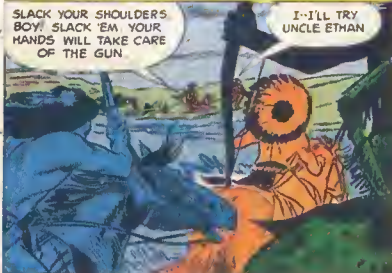
HI-YI!



ON THE FAR BANK OF THE RIVER ...
HERE THEY COME! I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO CHARGE. UNCLE ETHAN.

STEADY, MEN! DON'T MISS. IT MAKES THEM THINK THEIR MEDICINE IS STRONGER THAN YOURS!

THEN AS THE COMANCHES CHARGE, MARTIN FREEZES WITH TENSION



SLACK YOUR SHOULDERS BOY! SLACK 'EM YOUR HANDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THE GUN

I-I'LL TRY UNCLE ETHAN



THAT'S IT, SONNY. POUR IT INTO THEM.

UNDER THE WITHERING FIRE, THE COMANCHES RETREAT, THEN...



RECKON THOSE TWO BRAVES ARE FIXING TO PICK UP THEIR DEAD, ETHAN.

THAT'S JUST FINE, MOSE THAT GIVES ME ANOTHER CHANCE AT THEM.



NO, ETHAN! LET THEM CARRY OFF THEIR WOUNDED!

THAT DOES IT, REVEREND. THAT'S THE LAST ORDER YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME.

LISTEN TO ME, ALL OF YOU. I DON'T WANT YOU WITH ME. I DON'T NEED YOU FOR WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO.

NO NEED TO SHOUT MISTER, WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK. ED NESBY'S SHOULDER IS SMASHED... BAD.



ETHAN'S RIGHT. THIS IS A JOB FOR A COMPANY OF RANGERS OR IT'S A JOB FOR ONE OR TWO MEN. RIGHT NOW WE'RE TOO MANY AND NOT ENOUGH.



BUT BRAD AND MARTIN SPEAK UP STUBBORNLY.

I'M NOT GOING BACK, ETHAN. YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM LOOKING FOR LUCY!

THAT'S HOW I FEEL, UNCLE ETHAN... I MEAN, ETHAN, SIR.



ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN COME ALONG WITH ME, BUT I'M GIVING THE ORDERS. YOU TAKE THEM OR WE SPLIT UP HERE AND NOW.

WHY SURE, ETHAN. THERE'S JUST ONE THING WE'RE AFTER-- FINDING DEBORAH AND LUCY.



WE'LL FIND THEM IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE.

VAYA CON DIOS! GOOD LUCK, BOYS.



AND SO THE LONG SEARCH BEGINS AGAIN...ENDLESS DAYS ON AN ENDLESS TRAIL.

THOSE COMANCHES HAVE TO STOP SOMETIMES... IF THEY'RE HUMAN.

NAW! A HUMAN RIDES A HORSE TILL IT'S EXHAUSTED... THEN HE GOES ON AFOOT. A COMANCHE COMES ALONG, GETS THAT HORSE UP AND RIDES IT ANOTHER TWENTY MILES.



AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON...

THE TRAIL FORKS
HERE. SOME OF
THEM CUT OUT THIS
WAY. I WONDER
WHY?

I'LL TAKE A LOOK. YOU
KEEP AFTER THE OTHERS.
I'LL MEET YOU ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
BUTTE



BUT WHEN THE TRAILS JOIN AGAIN...

WHY'D THEY BREAK
OFF? WAS THERE
WATER IN THAT
CANYON MAYBE?

NO. NO WATER. I-
I DIDN'T SEE
ANYTHING.



ETHAN, YOU FEEL
ALL RIGHT? WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOUR
BLANKET? IT'S GONE.

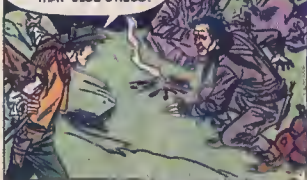
MUST'VE LOST IT.
ANYWAY, I'M NOT
GOING BACK TO
LOOK FOR IT.



THAT NIGHT BRAD RETURNS FROM A SCOUTING TRIP.

I SAW HER. I SAW LUCY!
THEY'RE CAMPED ABOUT TWO
MILES OVER. I SLIPPED UP
ON THEM. I DIDN'T SEE
DEBBIE, BUT LUCY WAS
THERE. SHE WAS WEARING
THAT BLUE DRESS.

EASY, BRAD. WHAT
YOU SAW
WASN'T LUCY.



YOU SAW A COMANCHE WEARING LUCY'S
DRESS. I FOUND LUCY BACK THERE IN
THAT CANYON TODAY. I KEPT IT FROM
YOU AS LONG AS I COULD, BUT
SHE'S GONE!



THE MURDERERS!
I'LL MAKE
THEM PAY.

COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO
GO AFTER HIM. HE'S GOING
TO TACKLE THOSE COMANCHE
ALL BY HIMSELF.



MOMENTS LATER, RAGING WITH FURY, BRAD CHARGES THE COMANCHES.



HIGH ON A NEARBY RIDGE...

WE'RE TOO LATE TO STOP THEM. LET'S HOPE HE TOOK SOME OF THOSE COMANCHES WITH HIM.

COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP. TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY.



THEY CLUNG TO THE TRAIL... THE WEEKS BECOME MONTHS AS THE SEASONS SLIP BY.



THEN, AT LAST...

SAY IT WE'RE BEAT. AREN'T WE? THAT'S WHY WE'RE TURNING BACK.

NO. TURNING BACK CHANGES NOTHING. IF DEBBIE'S STILL ALIVE, SHE'S SAFE FOR A WHILE THEY'LL KEEP HER TO RAISE AS ONE OF THEIR OWN, BUT WE'LL FIND HER.

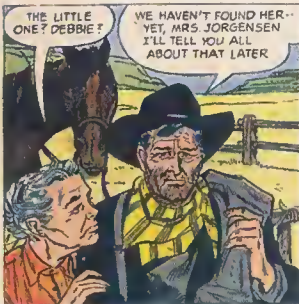


THE FOLLOWING SPRING, BACK AT THE JORGENSEN RANCH...

HOWDY, MR. JORGENSEN RECKON WE'RE BACK. YOU GOT MY LETTER ABOUT YOUR SON BRAD.

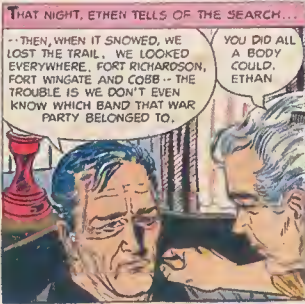
YAH, ETHAN. JUST ABOUT THIS TIME A YEAR AGO. IT CAME THE DAY BEFORE HIS BIRTHDAY.





THE LITTLE
ONE? DEBBIE?

WE HAVEN'T FOUND HER--
YET, MRS. JORGENSEN
I'LL TELL YOU ALL
ABOUT THAT LATER



THAT NIGHT, ETHEN TELLS OF THE SEARCH...

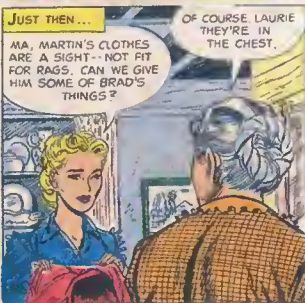
-- THEN, WHEN IT SNOWED, WE
LOST THE TRAIL. WE LOOKED
EVERYWHERE. FORT RICHARDSON,
FORT WINGATE AND COBB -- THE
TROUBLE IS WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHICH BAND THAT WAR
PARTY BELONGED TO.

YOU DID ALL
A BODY
COULD.
ETHAN



I GOT YOUR
BOY KILLED.

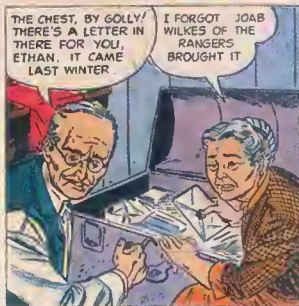
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, ETHAN
WE'RE TEXICANS. THIS IS OUR
COUNTRY AND WE'RE WILLING
TO DIE FOR IT. BUT SOMEDAY
THIS LAND WILL BE A FINE
PLACE TO LIVE IN.



JUST THEN...

MA, MARTIN'S CLOTHES
ARE A SIGHT -- NOT FIT
FOR RAGS. CAN WE GIVE
HIM SOME OF BRAD'S
THINGS?

OF COURSE LAURIE
THEY'RE IN
THE CHEST.



THE CHEST, BY GOLLY!
THERE'S A LETTER IN
THERE FOR YOU,
ETHAN. IT CAME
LAST WINTER.

I FORGOT JOAB
WILKES OF THE
RANGERS
BROUGHT IT



AS ETHAN OPENS THE LETTER...

THAT BIT OF CALICO YOU
TOOK FROM THE LETTER --
DEBBIE WORE A DRESS
LIKE THAT! ETHAN, THEY
HAVEN'T FOUND HER?

NOT YET. BUT
IT'S A LEAD A
GOOD LEAD.

LATER, IN THE SPARE ROOM...

MARTIN, JORGENSEN'S RUNNING MY BROTHER'S CATTLE WITH HIS OWN. HE'S AGREED TO TAKE YOU ON WHILE I'M GONE. I'M PUSHING ON TOMORROW.

I'M NOT STAYING, ETHAN. I AIM TO KEEP LOOKING FOR DEBBIE. DEBBIE'S FOLKS TOOK ME IN AND RAISED ME AS ONE OF THEIR OWN.



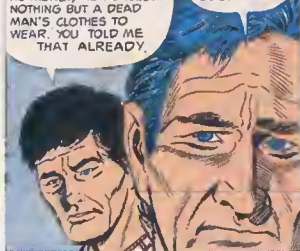
THAT DOESN'T MAKE THEM YOUR KIN. HOW WILL YOU KEEP LOOKING WITHOUT HORSES OR MONEY? LOOK, MARTIN, I WANT YOU TO KNOW SOMETHING...

I KNOW IT ALREADY.



YEAH. YOU WANT ME TO KNOW I'VE GOT NO KIN, NO MONEY, NO HORSES... NOTHING BUT A DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES TO WEAR. YOU TOLD ME THAT ALREADY.

I'M SORRY, MARTIN. GOOD NIGHT.



BUT THE NEXT MORNING ANDS ETHAN GONE...

ETHAN RODE ON AN HOUR AGO. STAY HERE, MARTIN. HE'LL FIND DEBBIE. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, LAURIE. THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME--THE IDEA OF HIM FINDING HER.



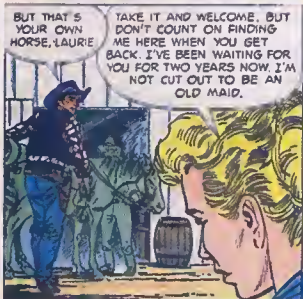
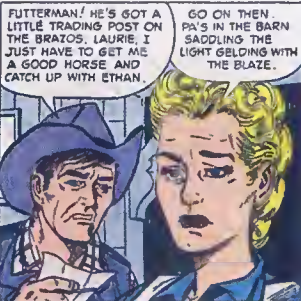
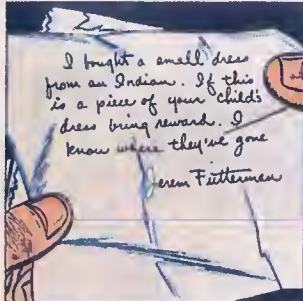
LAURIE, I'VE SEEN HIS EYES WHEN HE SO MUCH AS HEARS THE WORD 'COMANCHE'. HE GOES CRAZY-WILD. IT MIGHT COME ON HIM WHEN HE FINDS HER WITH THE COMANCHES. IT WOULD BE THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO DEBBIE.



THAT'S WHY I COUNTED ON GOING WITH HIM. I HOPED TO BE THERE TO STOP HIM. IF SUCH A THING HAPPENS.

I THOUGHT I COULD HOLD YOU HERE. BUT I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER. HERE, I SLIPPED THIS LETTER OUT OF HIS POCKET FOR YOU--





HEY, WAIT! DON'T
FORGET TO COME
BACK WITH THE
THOUSAND DOLLARS

IT'S NOT YOURS
YET COME
ON, MARTIN



THAT HOMBRE WASN'T
VERY SOCIABLE. HE
SHOULD HAVE SAID
GOOD-BYE.

YEH! MAYBE WE'D BETTER
CATCH UP WITH HIM AND
TEACH HIM GOOD MANNERS



THAT NIGHT, THE SEARCHERS CAMP IN THE
WASTELAND...

FUNNY, ETHAN--WHEN WE
PASSED THROUGH FORT
WINGATE LAST WINTER
WE DIDN'T HEAR MENTION
OF ANY NAWECKY
COMANCHES.

IT'S NOT SO FUNNY
WHEN YOU KNOW
WHAT 'NAWYECKA'
MEANS IN
COMANCHE TALK.



IT MEANS SOMETHING LIKE
'ROUNDABOUT'. LIKE A
MAN SAYS HE'S GOING ONE
PLACE WHEN HE MEANS TO
GO JUST THE REVERSE.

OH... I SEE.
WELL, GOOD
NIGHT, ETHAN.



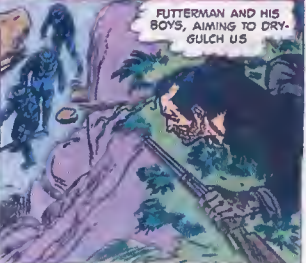
BUT ETHAN CANNOT SLEEP. INSTINCT TELLS
HIM THERE'S TROUBLE IN THE AIR...

THOSE HORSES
ACT RESTLESS. SOME
THING FUNNY GOING
ON OUT THERE



CIRCLING THROUGH THE DARKNESS, ETHAN MAKES
A DANGEROUS DISCOVERY.

FUTTERMAN AND HIS
BOYS, AIMING TO DRY-
GULCH US



ETHAN'S RIFLE IS READY WHEN THE ATTACK COMES.



WHY WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S WRONG?

THANKS, YOU MADE A FINE DECOY. THAT WAS OUR FRIEND FUTTERMAN. RECKON, HE JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO COLLECT THE REWARD MONEY.



MANY MONTHS LATER, BACK AT THE JORGENSEN RANCH...

A LETTER FOR YOU, LAURIE. IT'S FROM MARTIN. CHARLIE MCCORRY BROUGHT IT IN.

YOU STAY, CHARLIE. AFTER ALL YOU BROUGHT THE LETTER, SO YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO LISTEN, TOO.



"DEAR MISS LAURIE, WE'RE STILL TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH THE COMANCHES THE LATE MR. FUTTERMAN TOLD US ABOUT..."

THE LATE MR. FUTTERMAN. THAT MEANS HE'S DEAD. WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE POOR MAN?



"We cut north through Indian country. The Comanches we met claimed they didn't know of a War Chief named Scar."

"At one of the agencies, we outlitted with all kinds of trade goods, figuring it would make it easier for us to go among the Indians."



"We hit our first lead in a Comanche camp. I had a beaver hat that an old Indian wanted. I thought I was bartering it for the blanket his daughter was carrying. Suddenly--"

PSSST! LET'S GO. I JUST STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING.



WHAT'S THE RUSH? I JUST TRADED FOR A GOOD INDIAN BLANKET. YOU NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE TO GET IT

FORGET IT. THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT. I JUST HEARD THAT A BAND OF HOSTILE NAWYECKAS CAME THROUGH THIS WAY LESS THAN TWO WEEKS AGO.



"Suddenly, we heard something behind us."

THE INDIAN GIRL WITH THE TRADE BLANKET

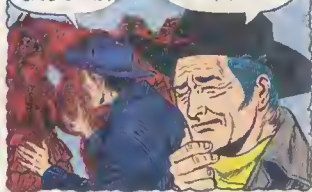
NOW THAT'S RIGHT FRIENDLY OF HER BRINGING THAT BLANKET YOU FORGOT.



"It was only then that I realized what had happened..."

LOOK, GO BACK! I DON'T NEED THE BLANKET, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

RECKON YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU DIDN'T BUY A BLANKET, YOU BOUGHT HER. YOU GOT YOURSELF A WIFE, SONNY.



"In spite of all I could say she stayed with us."

A WIFE! OH, NO! TELL HER SHE'S GOT TO GO BACK.

AND HAVE HER WHOLE FAMILY AFTER OUR SCALPS FOR FLOUTING ONE OF THEIR WOMEN? NO SIR! COME ON, MRS. MARTIN PAULEY.



"That night in camp..."

LOOK, I WISH I COULD EXPLAIN--

LOOK?? I AM CALLED WILD GOOSE FLYING IN THE SKY, BUT YOU MAY CALL ME 'LOOK', IF IT PLEASES YOU.

HA-HA!



I DON'T THINK IT'S SO FUNNY, IF YOU WANTED TO DO SOME GOOD, MAYBE WE OUGHT TO ASK HER WHERE SCAR IS?

I TOLD YOU NOT TO MENTION THAT NAME! SHE HEARD YOU AND NOW SHE KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR



SCAR! DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE WENT? HE HAD A WHITE GIRL WITH HIM, SHE WAS MY SISTER.

I-I DO NOT KNOW OF THIS CHIEF SCAR-OR OF A WHITE GIRL



'But the next morning the Indian girl was gone..

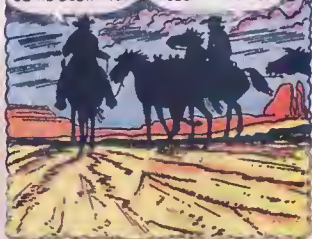
IT BEATS ME HOW SHE GOT THAT PONY OUT OF CAMP WITH OUT US HEARING HER

SHE'S NOT GOING BACK TO HER FAMILY-- NOT IF SHE'S HEADING WHERE THE ARROW POINTS.

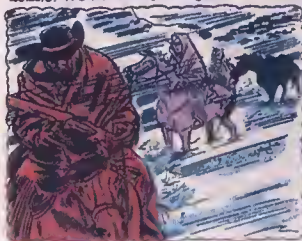


THINK SHE MEANT FOR US TO FOLLOW HER? I THINK MAYBE WE OUGHT TO

I FIGURED YOU'D SAY THAT-- YOU BEING A NEW HUSBAND AND ALL--



"Maybe she left other signs for us to follow, but we'll never know. It snowed that day and all the next week. We lost the trail.



"Then, one day in the buffalo country -- we had made a kill when..."

GUNFIRE! AND I THINK I HEARD A BUGLE!

COULD BE THE ARMY ATTACKING SOME INDIANS. COME ON, LET'S CHECK ON THIS.



"It was over, before we got there. The soldiers were heading back to the agency with their prisoners."



"It was the Nawyecha Comanches -- the ones we'd been looking for. Most of them had escaped, but in one tent we found the little squaw who wanted to be called 'Look'."

GUESS SHE KILLED ACCIDENTALLY WELL YOU'RE A WIDOWER NOW

WHY'D SHE HAVE TO DIE?



"Suddenly..."

THIS RAG DOLL--IT WAS DEBBIE'S. MAYBE THAT'S WHY 'LOOK' CAME HERE, TO FIND DEBBIE FOR US

WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP WITH THOSE SOLDIERS



"We followed the soldiers to the agency. They let us look at the white rag doll the Comanches had been holding prisoner."

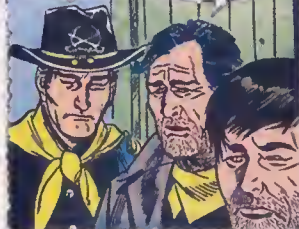
I DO NOT KNOW YOU, WHITE MAN

SHE'S ABOUT DEBBIE'S AGE BUT SHE'S NOT THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR



HARD TO BELIEVE THOSE CHILDREN ARE WHITE, ISN'T IT?

THEY'RE NOT LIKE WHITE GIRLS ANY MORE, THEY'RE COMANCHES



WELL WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE LEAD--CHIEF SCAR BUT WHERE WE'LL BEGIN TO LOOK I DON'T KNOW

WAIT, THERE'S ONE THING. WE RECOVERED A BUSHEL OF CHEAP MEXICAN TRINKETS IN THAT CAMP. MAYBE IF YOU COULD TALK TO THOSE MEXICAN TRADERS ALONG THE BORDER.



COMANCHEROS, THEY
CALL THEMSELVES
IT WOULD TAKE TIME
TO CHECK BUT

TIME'S RUNNING OUT
I'M OBLIGED TO YOU
LIEUTENANT. LET'S
GO MARTIN



AS LAURIE FINISHES THE LETTER...

"AND SO WE'RE SETTING OUT
FOR NEW MEXICO TERRITORY
IN THE MORNING... SORRY I
WON'T BE HOME FOR
CHRISTMAS AGAIN THIS YEAR.
YOURS TRULY,
MARTIN PAULEY"



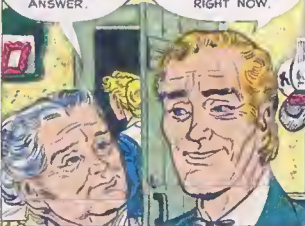
YOURS TRULY! HE EVEN
WROTE OUT HIS FULL NAME--
HE MIGHT HAVE SIGNED IT
MARTY! OH, I DON'T CARE
IF HE NEVER COMES BACK

NOW,
LAURIE--



CHARLIE, I KNOW
LAURIE WOULD WANT
YOU TO STAY FOR
SUPPER, I WON'T
TAKE NO FOR AN
ANSWER.

THANKS, MRS. JORGENSEN.
SAYING NO NEVER
CROSSED MY MIND, NO
PLACE I'D RATHER BE
THAN RIGHT HERE
RIGHT NOW.



MANY MONTHS LATER, FAR TO THE SOUTH,
IN A MEXICAN CANTINA...

MOSE! MOSE HARPER,
YOU OLD GOAT! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE
IN MEXICO?

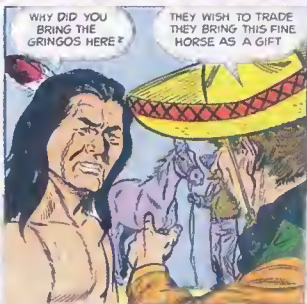
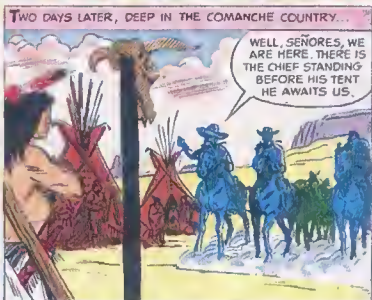
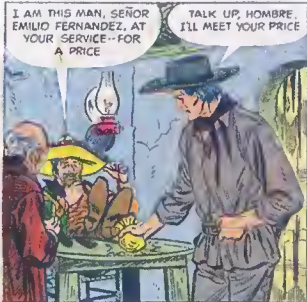
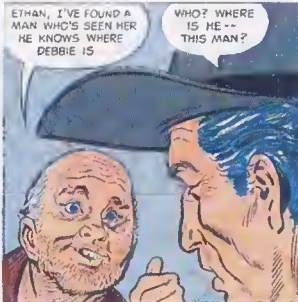
ETHAN! GLAD TO SEE
YOU. I'VE BEEN
HELPING YOU I'VE
BEEN LOOKING ALL
THE TIME



I DON'T WANT NO MONEY
REWARD, ETHAN. JUST A
ROOF OVER MY HEAD AND
A LITTLE GRUB AND A
ROCKING CHAIR BY
THE FIRE.

YOU HELP ME
FIND DEBBIE AND
YOU'VE GOT YOUR
ROCKING CHAIR.



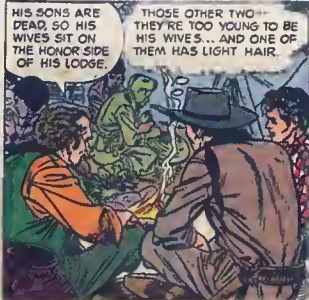


VERY WELL. LET
THE GRINGOS ENTER
MY TENT AND SIT.



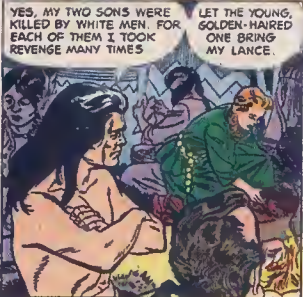
HIS SONS ARE
DEAD, SO HIS
WIVES SIT ON
THE HONOR SIDE
OF HIS LODGE.

THOSE OTHER TWO --
THEY'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE
HIS WIVES... AND ONE OF
THEM HAS LIGHT HAIR.



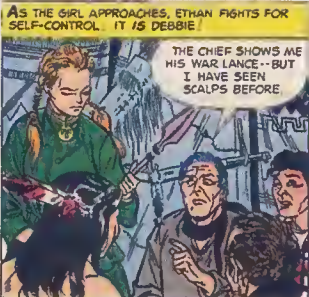
YES, MY TWO SONS WERE
KILLED BY WHITE MEN. FOR
EACH OF THEM I TOOK
REVENGE MANY TIMES

LET THE YOUNG,
GOLDEN-HAIRED
ONE BRING
MY LANCE.



AS THE GIRL APPROACHES, ETHAN FIGHTS FOR
SELF-CONTROL. IT IS DEBBIE!

THE CHIEF SHOWS ME
HIS WAR LANCE -- BUT
I HAVE SEEN
SCALPS BEFORE.



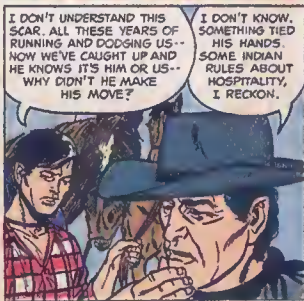
HAVE YOU
SEEN THIS
BEFORE?

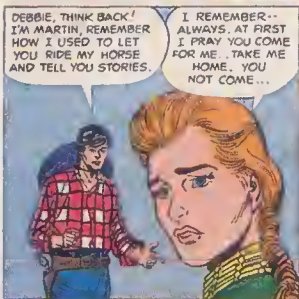
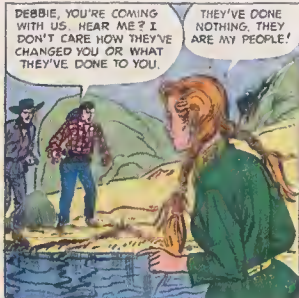
THE MEDAL I
GAVE DEBBIE



I CAME TO TRADE. NOT
TO ADMIRE HIS COLLECTION.
TELL HIM WE'LL CAMP ACROSS
THE CREEK. MAYBE WE CAN
TALK TRADE TOMORROW.



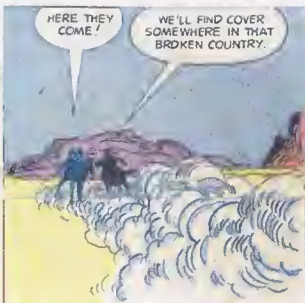






DEBBIE,
WAIT!

NEVER MIND HER! WE'VE
GOT TO MOVE -- FAST!
THE WHOLE CAMP WILL
BE ON OUR NECKS
IN A MINUTE



HERE THEY
COME!

WE'LL FIND COVER
SOMEWHERE IN THAT
BROKEN COUNTRY.

THE FUGITIVES ESCAPE INTO THE BADLANDS.
THAT NIGHT, IN A CAVE ...



HOLD STILL, ETHAN.
I'VE GOT TO OPEN
THAT WOUND AND
GET THE BULLET OUT.

WAIT! JUST IN CASE
I WANT YOU TO
READ THIS.



I, ETHAN EDWARDS, BEING
OF SOUND MIND AND WITHOUT
ANY BLOOD KIN, HEREBY BEQUEATH
ALL MY PROPERTY TO
MARTIN PAULEY



I DON'T WANT YOUR
PROPERTY BESIDES.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN...
NO BLOOD KIN, DEBBIE'S
YOUR BLOOD KIN

NOT ANY
MORE. SHE'S A
COMANCHE NOW.



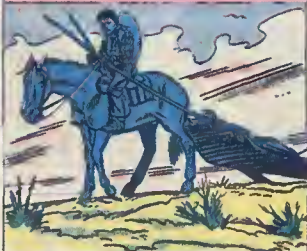
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR WILL
WHAT KIND OF A MAN
ARE YOU? NOW I KNOW
WHY YOU WERE SO READY
TO LEAVE HER
BACK THERE

SHE'S A COMANCHE
NOW. SHE'S NOT
WORTH SAVING.
YOU HEARD HER
BACK THERE.

ALL RIGHT, KEEP
QUIET NOW. I'M
FIXING THIS LEG



THE NEXT DAY, A PITIFUL CAVALCADE TREKS
NORTHWARD THROUGH THE BORDER BADLANDS.
THE SEARCH IS ABANDONED ONCE MORE.



LONG MONTHS LATER, AND FAR TO THE NORTH,
THE NEIGHBORS GATHER AT THE JORGENSEN
RANCH.



THEY'RE HERE.
MAMA! COME IN, COME
IN. HOWDY,
REVEREND CLAYTON.

HOWDY. I
BROUGHT CHARLIE.
HE'S COMBED
CURRIED AND
WASHED BEHIND
THE EARS.

HELLO, MRS. JORGENSEN.
I HARDLY RECOGNIZE
MYSELF. WHERE IS
LAURIE?

YOU'LL SEE HER
SOON ENOUGH.
CHARLIE.



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER BUCKBOARD IS
ARRIVING OUTSIDE...



HI! YOU'RE LATE--
MARTIN! ETHAN! NO,
DON'T GET DOWN!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T COME
IN. THE RANGERS ARE
IN THERE. MY DAUGHTER'S
GETTING MARRIED!

LAURIE--GETTING
MARRIED!



DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? THE RANGERS ARE IN THERE! YOU'VE BEEN POSTED FOR MURDER BOTH OF YOU. THAT TRADER FELLOW-- FUTTERMAN!

I DON'T CARE I'VE GOT TO SEE LAURIE!



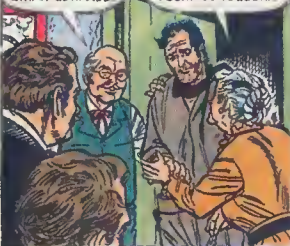
GO AROUND THE SIDE-- THE SPARE ROOM. I'LL TELL LAURIE. PLEASE!

YOU'D BETTER!



EVERYBODY! LOOK WHO'S HERE? IT'S ETHAN EDWARDS!

ETHAN, HAVE YOU FOUND HER? HAVE YOU FOUND OUR DEBBIE?



YES, MRS. JORGENSEN I FOUND DEBBIE... AND SHE'S-- ALIVE

OH, ETHAN... OH, ETHAN!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE SPARE ROOM...

MARTIN! ONE LETTER IN FIVE YEARS--AND YOU NEVER EVEN WROTE YOU LOVED ME. AT LEAST YOU MIGHT HAVE ASKED ME TO WAIT.

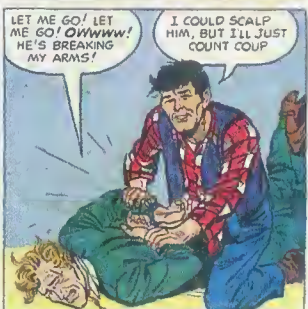
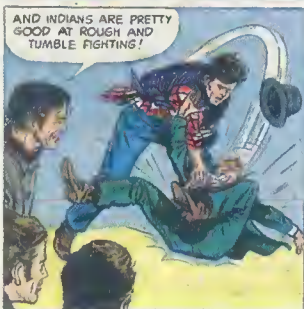
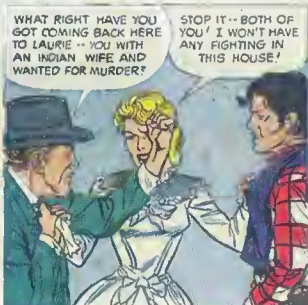
BUT I ALWAYS LOVED YOU. YOU KNOW THAT WITHOUT SAYING. I COULDN'T ASK YOU TO WAIT, NOT KNOWING HOW LONG IT WOULD BE BEFORE WE FOUND DEBBIE.



BUT DON'T CRY, LAURIE. I UNDERSTAND. I'LL JUST GO AWAY.

YOU DO--AND I'LL JUST DIE, MARTY. I WILL. I'LL JUST DIE!





WELL, THAT'S OVER
GO GET CLEANED UP
CHARLIE, AND WE'LL
PROCEED WITH
THE WEDDING

THERE WON'T BE
ANY WEDDING-- NOT
UNTIL WE GET A
FEW THINGS CLEARED
UP AROUND HERE!



AS THE WEDDING PARTY BREAKS UP...

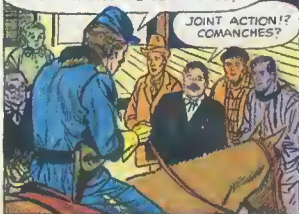
HELLO IN THERE!
IS CAPTAIN SAM
CLAYTON INSIDE?

I'M CLAYTON,
SOLDIER. WHAT
IS IT?



I'VE GOT A MESSAGE FROM COLONEL
GREENHILL, THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF
THE FIFTH U.S. CAVALRY. HE WANTS TO
KNOW HOW SOON YOU COULD GET YOUR
VOLUNTEER RANGERS READY FOR JOINT
ACTION AGAINST THE COMANCHES?

JOINT ACTION!?
COMANCHES?



YES, SIR. WE RECEIVED WORD THAT A BAND
OF COMANCHES UNDER A CHIEF NAMED
SCAR IS HOLED-UP CLOSE BY-- WAITING FOR
A CHANCE TO GET BACK SOUTH OF
THE BORDER.



HE RAIDED NORTH
ABOUT A MONTH AGO
AND RAN INTO MORE
ARMY THAN HE BARE-
GAINED FOR. NOW
HE'S RUNNING
FOR COVER!

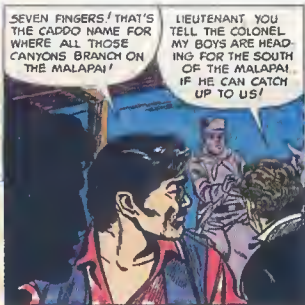
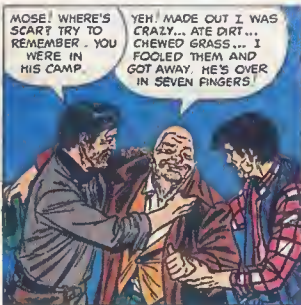
AND WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK HE'S IN
THIS TERRITORY?



WE PICKED UP A MAN WHO
WAS PRISONER WITH SCAR
UNTIL A FEW DAYS AGO
I BROUGHT HIM ALONG.
HE SAYS HE LIVES HERE
KEEPS TALKING ABOUT
A ROCKING CHAIR

MOSE!





WE CAN'T GO CHARGING IN, DEBBIE MAY BE KILLED THAT WAY! YOU KNOW IT-- BUT YOU DON'T CARE! YOU THINK OF HER AS A COMANCHE

IT'S A BITTER THING TO SAY-- BUT YOU SAW HER AND HEARD HER, MARTY. BESIDES, THERE'S A LOT MORE THAN DEBBIE AT STAKE!



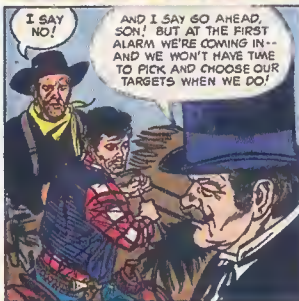
SCAR'S BAND HAS BEEN RAIDING AND KILLING FOR YEARS. WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY. HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!

ALL I'M ASKING IS A CHANCE TO SNEAK IN AND TRY TO GET DEBBIE OUT BEFORE YOU COME CHARGING IN.



I SAY NO!

AND I SAY GO AHEAD, SON! BUT AT THE FIRST ALARM WE'RE COMING IN-- AND WE WON'T HAVE TIME TO PICK AND CHOOSE OUR TARGETS WHEN WE DO!



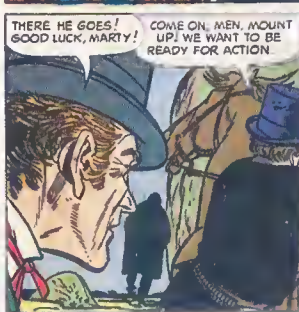
I'LL TAKE OFF MY BOOTS. I'LL BE ABLE TO MOVE MORE QUIETLY THAT WAY

HERE. YOU FIGHT LIKE AN INDIAN, MAYBE THIS BLANKET WILL HELP YOU PASS AS ONE



THERE HE GOES! GOOD LUCK, MARTY!

COME ON, MEN, MOUNT UP! WE WANT TO BE READY FOR ACTION.



MOMENTS AFTERWARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE COMANCHE CAMP THE CAUTIOUS CHIEF SCAR CHECKS HIS HERD

THE DOG BARKS THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG.

IT IS NOTHING HE HAS SEEN A RABBIT



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, CLOSE BY--

SCAR'S TENT. I
REMEMBER IT.



STEALTHILY HE SLIPS INTO THE TEEPEE AND
AWAKENS THE SLEEPING CAPTIVE.

PSST! DEBBIE! IT'S
ME, MARTIN. DON'T
SCREAM AND DON'T
MAKE A SOUND.



BUT IN HER CONFUSION, DEBBIE IS GRIPPED
BY FEAR.

EEEEEEYAH!

I'M TAKING YOU
WHETHER YOU
WANT TO GO
OR NOT.



THEN, IN A MOMENT OF DANGER, THE MISTS OF
THE PAST ARE SWEEPED AWAY AND--

MARTIN!
BEHIND
YOU!

SCAR!



HIGH UP ON A NEARBY RIDGE --

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE'S STARTED
DOWN THERE. ALL RIGHT, SOUND
THAT HORN, SON, AND LEAVE
US GO AMONGST THEM





WITH ETHAN IN THE VAN, THE VOLUNTEERS SMASH INTO THE COMANCHE CAMP.



SCAR'S TENT!
BUT THERE'S NO
ONE INSIDE.



IT'S MARTIN. LOOKS
LIKE HE'S WRESTLING
WITH A COMANCHE.



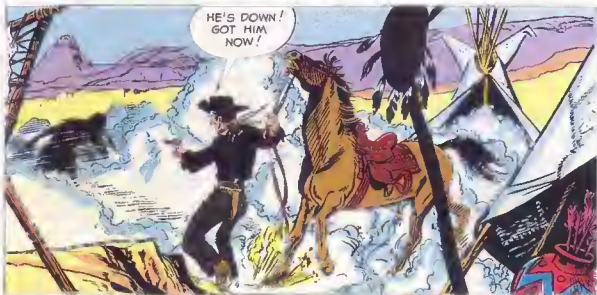
HIS VISION OBSCURED BY THE DUST, ETHAN
DOES NOT REALIZE WHO MARTIN IS STRUG-
GLING WITH AND--

THAT INJUN'S GETTING
AWAY FROM MARTIN!



ETHAN,
NO! NO!

DON'T WORRY,
MARTIN, I'LL
GET HIM!



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